

that you may enjoy the blessed privilege of being a son or daughter of his and perform some tasks that should make the world better for your having lived in it. May we not call forth some who will verify the truth of our text and thereby increase our faith that we may be more profitable servants. Stephen had been preaching and expounding the Word with such power and interest that it aroused the ire of sinful men (which it will always do), that the wise and shrewd of all Asia were called to antagonize this man of God. All the devices and arguments of man and satan were brought against him, but we read that "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake." A grand example verifying the promise that it is not ye that spake but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

David, a man after God's own heart, confessed that the spirit of the Lord spake by me and his word was in my tongue.

Let us all truly pray that we may make this confession and when we sing songs of praise that it will not be us that are doing the singing but the Spirit thru us. When we once have this in reality then no service will lag for enthusiasm and blessing. Then we will not murmur that so few were at church or Sunday-school, but rather be sorry or grieved that not more were there to enjoy its blessings. Let this condition prevail and ere long, like the school boy with his cumulating snow ball, the attendance will be increased and the blessings multiplied. Yes, Christianity is the work of the Holy Spirit. Gamaliel and those of his mind have been waiting over nineteen hundred years, and still the good work is going on. Instead of twelve uneducated men to be instruments for God, his followers number millions and the glad tidings of great joy have been carried around the globe. And not only has man been spiritually blest but temporally, bringing about the great changes that mean so much for the welfare of the race. Is the work finished? Has all been done that will add to God's glory and our salvation? Has the spirit still need of our talents? Surely such is the case, and how easily it will be to perform this service, realizing the honored position we hold in being permitted to be the agents of our God, the author and finisher of our faith.

Then brother, sister, friend, realizing down deep in your heart the sense of duty, do not shirk or evade it but go manfully forward in the Spirit and perform the duty, tho from a worldly standpoint it may seem unreasonable or injustice. Satan is very alert at such points in our life, to step in and try and persuade us contrary to our convictions and the entreaties of that still small voice of the Spirit as it points out the path of duty. What might the result be if the Christian churches would truly submit to the leadership of the Holy Spirit?

Satan and his angels would tremble, his agents either submit or flee the wrath to come. Then our church rolls would show as many active members as we had names upon

the roll. Denominational walls, which are imaginary, would crumble to the earth and the Christian army, with Christ its great captain at its head, would in one strong phalanx march to battle and victory. The Christians would not have one eye upon their brother and the other probably upon themselves, but face forward toward the crimson enemy.

Then our church treasuries would not be empty and in debt, but the Spirit would so fill them to overflowing that as the queen of Sheba exclaimed, "The half has not been told."

Christian friends, what is your wish or prayer this morning? Do we truly realize that the little we do for Christ and his kingdom is not of ourselves but his Spirit in us. I have been permitted to stand before you a few minutes and as an agent in His hands allowed to say a word, a thought, perhaps a sentence that the Holy Spirit was the direct promoter. Let that be as it will, you that have heard these broken sentences must accept only that which is in accord with God's divine teaching.

If you had got the impression that it was you yourself that was doing generous acts and humble worship, banish them forever from you and pray the Lord to give you of his Holy Spirit more abundantly that the testimony of God to prompt Isaiah may be ours. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee thou shalt condemn. "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord and their righteousness is of me," saith the Lord.

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#### GLORY

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The word invites our thoughts to the serene heights of celestial contemplation, the environment of Divinity, the refulgence of heaven, the ecstasy of perennial bliss. But no, we are not thus to soar in search of the glory we are about to describe. It is of another sort. It is the halo of the successful warrior, he who by spectacular slaughter of this kind is acclaimed the hero, thenceforth to be surfeited by the caresses and gifts of the populace. One would think that our civilization, that which history names Christian, would have long since outgrown this chief heritage of the pagan world, but it has not. The glory of Christ has not much dimmed the splendor of Mars. It is an open question whether Mary is worshipped as much as Minerva. The two most advanced and enlightened nations are carrying on two wars, and they are very much like all the wars of history, red, red wars, full of horror and atrocity. The daily press details the gentle narrative of murder and death. For would you believe it, these Christian warriors of these Christian nations actually *kill* their enemies. Shot and shell, bayonet and lance, dynamite and lyddite glut their gory lust, and the multitudes who abide at home in the shadow of the churches, abide in Christian homes, too, and bear the name of

the Nazarene, huzza until the welkin rings again. They rend the heavens with so loud a shout that we may almost imagine it might be heard across the seas where dwell the heathen to whom we send our missionaries to teach them the golden rule.

I am told that it is no longer popular to utter a strong protest against this vast iniquity, even among those who profess the doctrine of peace. One must pipe a mild tune that will not offend anybody, and listen with great respect to the arguments in favor of this righteous war, and that holy crusade, and the other justifiable slaughter. "War is hell," said bluff old General Sherman. One would think that a tough argument would be needed to justify an infusion of hell, the setting aside of all that is good and merciful, of all humanity and divinity in the world, of all that separates us from brutes and devils, and the setting up of hell, black, bloody, lustful of murder, and horrible to the uttermost limits of horror. These two wars are two hells, to which bear witness many a deed that might make satan blush. In one of them women and children are butchered in cold blood. In the other, exultant reports of enemies killed are cabled across the ocean to electrify a Christian ruler and his Christian people. Fifty are shot down while attempting to cross a stream. Not one is spared. The accommodating river carries their dead bodies away so that we are not troubled with the funeral exercises. It is the neatest little battle, no dead bodies lying prone on the ground, no distasteful sight and odor of human blood. Perhaps there are widows and orphans somewhere, but that is a subject for only the briefest thought. It is immediately dismissed. It is not to be tolerated alongside that glory of the cocked hat and the epaulettes, the dashing general, the resplendent admiral, whom a grateful people acclaim to the very skies, until the skies blush with shame that they shelter a race of murderers—those who shed rivers of blood, and those who consent to the deed.

We are told, with cheerful scorn and contempt in the telling, that it is presumption to set up our doctrine and our opinion against the great statesmen who are running things. But there are brave voices among the very greatest, like Hoar in our own senate, and Stead among English journalists, who tell us that both these wars could and should have been averted by counsels tho they had been only half wise, and we believe them. Behind these two great crimes are other crimes which the glamor of victory is not sufficient to hide. Not all the iniquities follow in the train of war. Some there are that precede it, the heralds of damnation, the outriders of death. Lust for gold, lust for fame, lust for excitement of battle, lust for political prestige, domineering pride, these and many others of the kind are the galloping escort of the sceptred Torch, and crowned Sword. The *vox populi*, fierce ringing with the ardor of battle, cheers them on. This we cannot deny, but when it is for war,